THE NATION

JULY 18, 1959 . . 25c

'LA GANGRENE'

The Hitler Heritage in Paris

Roland N. Murdock

INVASION BY ROWBOAT

New Ploy in the Caribbean

Carleton Beals

SOURCE of NIXON'S STRENGTH

A Review of 'Richard Nixon'

James MacGregor Burns

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LETTERS

School Solvency

Dear Sirs: Regarding Superintendent Gragg's plan for "Merit Pay for Teachers" *(The Nation,* June 13), one must keep in mind, first, that the school superintendent's primary function has become the maintenance of the fiscal solvency of his district. While always listed first among his duties is the improvement of instruction, in practice a superintendent is rarely dismissed for alleged faults that do not stem almost entirely from money matters. This can be reasonably assumed considering that school-board members are generally businessmen who judge the work of the superintendent in the single area of schools with which they are familiar. It follows, then, that perpetuating a financially sound school system depends on the employment of teachers at the lowest possible cost. The various state tenure laws for teachers evolved as necessary regulations over abuses in the employment of teachers by superintendents eager to effect savings. The most flagrant abuse is the discharging of a teacher without cause after a few years' service, replacing him with a beginner who accepts a much reduced salary. Is there evidence of any school board dismissing a superintendent for conduct of this nature?

Secondly, it should be realized that . . . when a conflict of interest between the school board and the teachers ensues, as it often does over salary, the superintendent, as a condition of his employment, must eventually decide in favor of the school board. To believe, as Superintendent Gragg does, that school boards would not use merit pay as a lever to reduce teachers' salaries, if conditions were favorable, is simply not to admit to harsh realities.

Thirdly, under existing budgetary limitations of most school systems, a merit-pay plan will eventually adjust itself to a provision for a fixed percentage of teachers to receive increases. Because of lack of money, it would not be possible to pay all deserving teachers increases. To know that one deserves an increase, but is denied it because of a shortage of funds, seriously impairs morale.

Lastly, the essential condition for the ultimate success of merit pay, which in itself can be a valuable idea, rests on the control of the employment of teachers and their administrators by the teaching profession itself. If teachers would labor for the control of their profession, the problem of the mediocre or lazy teacher could be solved without the risks inherent in the merit-pay plan described by Superintendent Gragg.

PATRICK GROFF
Assistant Professor of Education
San Diego State College
San Diego, Calif.

SOS from the Phoenix

Dear Sirs: Since November 15, when you ran the article, "The Forbidden Voyage," written by my husband, Earle E. Reynolds, about his trip on the *Phoenix* into the Pacific bomb-test area last summer, we have had many letters of support from your readers. As you may know, the U. S. Court of Appeals has reversed my husband's conviction in the case, and a retrial has been ordered.

So, in effect, the Reynolds family must start all over again. But we need financial help. For this purpose, the Phoenix Defense Fund has been set up; the address is P. O. Box 5199, Honolulu, Hawaii.

We hope that your readers will contribute.

(MRS.) BARBARA LEONARD REYNOLDS
Honolulu, Hawaii

Any Joiners?

Dear Sirs: I am a veteran and am exploring the advisability of forming another veterans' organization, to be known as the VUW (Veterans of Useless Wars). We always find out too late that we should have stayed out of the last war we were in. . . .

Would like to hear from any veterans interested.

C. SHAW

P.O. Box 1552
Savannah, Ga.

Bull's Eye

Dear Sirs: This letter is, primarily, to congratulate you for David Cort's article, "Arms and the Man," in the May 23, 1959 issue.

Having written many articles about guns myself, I am well aware that gun addicts are an opinionated lot. You won't be surprised, therefore, if I add, mildly, that I was sorry to see the statement in your article that "the hand gun couldn't hit a horse at twenty-five feet, except by accident." I can personally demonstrate that those guns were perfectly capable of very workmanlike performance indeed at ranges out to and even beyond a hundred yards. One of Bill Hickok's killings was accomplished with cap and ball revolver at a range (measurable today) of eighty-seven yards. Wyatt Earp said, in his own book, that he could use his revolvers effectively at 100 yards, and I see no reason to doubt him. I can, and I suspect that Mr. Earp was better with the "6's" than I am.

E. B. MANN
Editor, *Guns*
Skokie, Ill.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Contagion of Sanity

When, in the realm of politics, a truly egregious error has been made, it takes time for its inherent lunacy to reach full-blown proportions. It takes time, again, to reverse the process and return to normal levels of political folly. In the matter of nuclear policy, the agonizing reappraisal has scarcely begun in the United States, but in Britain it is well advanced and gaining momentum. At first no one objected to national suicide except a few left-wing Laborites, but now the contagion of sanity has spread so far that the third largest union in Britain, the General and Municipal Workers, has come out for unilateral nuclear disarmament. Other big unions are contemplating the same step. This transfixes Hugh Gaitskell on the horns of a dilemma. It is repugnant to Mr. Gaitskell to admit that Britain is not really a nuclear power in the sense that the United States and the Soviet Union are. Britain's do-it-yourself stockpile is meager and the only means of delivering it is a small and obsolescent bomber fleet. The other horn of the dilemma is that a leader cannot afford to lag too far behind his constituents.

The problem is, then, to avoid the humiliation of a forthright change in policy. The suggested maneuver is for Britain to come forward as the chief founding member of a "non-nuclear club," whose other members would be the nations which, as of now, lack nuclear capability. These countries will generously renounce what they do not have, pledging themselves not to test, manufacture or possess nuclear weapons; Britain, even more generously, will then make the same renunciation, all of course subject to various conditions.

But then, what about France, which has claims to charter membership second only to those of Britain? Hell or high water, General de Gaulle is bent on exploding an atomic bomb this year in the Sahara. He wants to be a member of a nuclear club, not a non-nuclear club. True, one bomb won't make him a member of anything, but it will be a step toward the grandeur for which he yearns (question: the grandeur described by Mr. Murdock on page 23 of this issue?). Why should the other nucleonically impotent powers reconcile themselves to their distressing condition, any more than France? To make the situation more complicated, France is forcing General Norstad to pull his NATO fighter-bombers out of France, because de Gaulle cannot bear the thought of bombs which, though on French soil for the defense of France, are under NATO (American) control. And on the other side of the world Red China, imbued with the Chinese version of *la gloire,* may soon be testing a nuclear device.

Nobody seems to want to belong to the proposed club on the proposed terms. The reception might be better if Britain renounced unilaterally; at least that would set a striking example. Such a course is of course almost unthinkable, but if you have made a big mistake, it takes a big action to rectify it.

The Nucleus of Resistance

In the United States we are not so fortunate as to have a major political party debating whether nuclear armaments are not a greater menace to the possessing nation than to its adversary. The citizenry has been brainwashed into insensibility. But among the legislators there are misgivings. Even while Representative Stratton (D., New York) was calling for troop reinforcements to Europe "to show Khrushchev the United States means business in Berlin," seven Representatives were going on record in opposition to the agreements to transfer nuclear information and materials to West Germany and other NATO countries. The seven are William H. Meyer (D. Vermont), Henry S. Reuss (D., Wisconsin), Clem Miller (D., California), George S. McGovern (D., South Dakota), Mrs. Edith Green (D., Oregon), Byron L. Johnson (D., Colorado), Roy W. Wier (D., Minnesota) and Leonard G. Wolf (D., Iowa). Their names are worth noting, for it took a certain amount of courage to oppose the Administration in a matter which the public evidently considers of little consequence, but which is fraught with every variety of mischief and danger.

Some take comfort in the thought that the nuclear

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be published Aug. 1. The normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed with the first September issue.

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materials will remain under American control. But this reassurance is illusory. When a country has everything but the nuclear warheads, those with the capability will manufacture the warheads and have it all. West Germany, in particular, will soon have the capability. The United States is obligingly furnishing it with a 58-megawatt power reactor which, according to Dr. William C. Davidon of the Federation of American Scientists, will be capable of making enough plutonium for a Hiroshima-size atomic bomb in less than a year. "It is," said Dr. Davidon, "as though you trained your son to drive a car, promised him that once he practiced with his own jalopy you would help buy a new car, and then to wonder whether or not he will start looking for ways to acquire a jalopy." Seven Congressmen shared this insight. Seven isn't much, but events are likely to multiply their numbers rather rapidly.

Political Mother Hubbards

Reviewing Father R. L. Bruckberger's *Image of America* for the *Saturday Review*, Granville Hicks quotes as follows from the author's summation:

> Now America, your task is to extend the Declaration of Independence to the whole world, to all nations and races. If you are to remain worthy of your heritage, you must now help solve the social problems between proletariat and capitalist nations, and the racial problem between white and colored peoples.

Mr. Hicks goes on to wonder whether America is capable of doing the job, but he does not ask the obvious question: who hired America to do it?

Father Bruckberger's enthusiasm for the Declaration of Independence is gratifying, but his suggestion that we have a duty to thrust it, and our theories of society, on other peoples is quite simply wrong: it is not America's job to force political Mother Hubbards on the heathen. Indeed, a large part of our diplomatic misery stems from the fact that we are already overzealous missionaries.

Our job is so to conduct ourselves at home and abroad that other nations will respect us and perhaps emulate us to the degree that imitation is useful. Every nation must write its own Declaration of Independence in its own words, and any attempt to peddle overseas the version with John Hancock's signature affixed can only win us hard looks and the applause of our enemies.

Life and Love in Your Own Shelter

At impromptu hearings staged by Representative Chet Holifield (D., California), evidence was adduced to show that if the enemy chivalrously limited his nuclear dropping on seventy-one American cities to 1,453 megatons, only 40 million deaths would result. The Air Force's Rand Corporation spoiled these joyful tidings with an estimate of 90 million deaths in a 1,500-megaton attack on 50 American cities. (How these scientists agree!) Apparently the purpose of the hearings was to bolster the sagging civil-defense effort, which nobody takes seriously except the *chinovniks* of the Federal Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization. The citizens troop obediently into the so-called shelters when the sirens wail, but hard-headed businessmen and moneylenders continue to erect skyscrapers which an atomic war would flatten in a matter of minutes, showing how much stock *they* take in a future atomic war. Nevertheless, Governor Rockefeller of New York seized the occasion to release a committee report advocating compulsory building of fallout shelters. If you have a basement and are handy with mortar and cement blocks, you can do the job yourself for $150. The newspapers simultaneously came out with stories of shelter-togetherness in a 7 x 7 cubicle, holding a family of four with their Conelrad radio, Geiger counter, survival kit and, presumably, two-weeks' accumulation of excrement. A firm of industrial designers specializing in such matters suggested the addition of a library of tapes simulating the normal sounds of the house — the refrigerator going on and off, motor traffic and the sighing of the wind in the trees. The feature writers made it sound rather pleasant, and the only dissenting voice was that of the builders, who were worried that the added cost might discourage buyers of new homes.

A Green Light for Civil Rights

If the harassed Democratic leadership in Congress really wants an attractive legislative item that avoids the "spending" taboo and is veto-proof, civil rights would seem to be just what the doctor ordered. But the doctor — Senator Johnson — is stalling. Since January 20, his compromise civil-rights measure has been bottled up, along with two dozen other bills on the subject, in the Senate Constitutional Rights Subcommittee. The subcommittee situation is as follows: Ervin, Johnston and McClellan, diehard Dixiecrats, are balanced by Hennings, Carroll and Langer, consistent civil-rights supporters. Senator O'Mahoney is ill. This puts the two Republicans, Hruska and Wiley, in the "swing" positions. Senator Hennings contends that it has been difficult to assemble a quorum, due to the more or less chronic absenteeism of Messrs. Hruska and Wiley. But Senator Johnson could make the subcommittee dance if he cracked the whip, and surely the President and Attorney General Rogers should have some influence on the Republican absentees. The immediate problem is to discharge a bill — almost any bill — so that the Senate may begin debate; civil-rights legislation, it is generally agreed, will be written on the floor of the Senate, not in committee. On the floor, the prospects are good.

But time is running out; the calendar, not a filibuster,

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may kill civil-rights legislation unless prompt action is taken. Congress may be kept in session as late as the middle of September, but there is the usual last-minute log jam and the pressures for adjournment are already mounting. The Civil Rights Commission is supposed to report on September 9; two months later the commission will expire unless new legislation is enacted. Schools will be opening in September with six Southern states still in open defiance of the desegregation decision. According to the Southern Regional Council, some 530 acts of racial violence or reprisal have been reported in the South since the decision was handed down in 1954. The same organization points out that it will take 203 years to register the approximately 13,000 unregistered Negroes of voting age in Macon County, Alabama, at the rate they have been registered to date. All these good citizens will be dead long before then — and some of them will want to vote next year by way of celebrating the centennial of the Civil War.

This New-Fangled Jurisprudence

Now that the Supreme Court has struck down the government's Industrial Security Program affecting some 3,000,000 defense-plant workers, the question arises: Should the program be reconstituted or scrapped? In the *Greene* case, eight members of the Court agreed that the program was invalid, since neither the President nor Congress had ever sanctioned it. Five Justices (Warren, Black, Douglas, Brennan and Stewart) went further and questioned the constitutionality of any screening program that would deny the right of confrontation and cross-examination of accusers. This, however, was not the point on which the decision turned, and presumably the Industrial Security Program could be refashioned to meet the Court's objections. Various proposals to save it have already been advanced.

But the basic objection runs not to the program's procedures, but to its effect. In the words of Chief Justice Walter L. Pope of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, such measures substitute "a new style of jurisprudence" for the traditional American variety. Under other systems of law, it is only the citizen, the subject, to whom the law's commands are directed; with us the Bill of Rights commands the sovereign, the government itself. The new-fangled jurisprudence represented by the Industrial Security Program pivots on a number of nifty verbal tricks. For "treason," substitute "subversion," undefined. We don't imprison a person for "subversion"; we just make it impossible for him to secure employment. Since the suspect is not charged with the commission of a criminal offense, he can be tried in a special tribunal, not a court of law. Nor is he entitled to the protection of the Bill of Rights. And so it goes.

Quite apart from the fact that at least five members of the Supreme Court have grave doubts as to the constitutionality of this new jurisprudence, the necessity for it has never been demonstrated. Sound administrative practice would dispose of most security-risk problems; for example, a good administrator would not assign a "blabbermouth" to a sensitive position, nor would he employ a Communist as plant manager. The Industrial Security Program should be permitted to lapse and with it, in due course, the loyalty-security program as well; there is no need for either. A free country necessarily incurs certain risks; the risks are the measure of its freedom. Loyalty-security programs, and the new system of jurisprudence they represent, undermine the foundations of a free society.

THE HITLER HERITAGE IN PARIS

'LA GANGRENE' . . . *by Roland N. Murdock*

THOUSANDS of people in France are talking of a book that the de Gaulle regime will permit no bookstore to sell. On June 16 a 100-page volume called *La Gangrène* was brought out in Paris by *Les Editions de Minuit*, a press which started clandestinely in 1942 as part of the Resistance movement and has since become one of France's leading publishing houses: it has published Samuel Beckett, Georges Bataille, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Michel Butor, Marguerite Duras, Germaine Tillion and Henri Alleg (*The Question*). In *La Gangrène*, seven Algerian intellectuals tell of the tortures they claim to have undergone at the hands of the French police, in Paris, in recent months. The book was confiscated June 20, by order of the Minister of the Interior.

Three days later, acting without a warrant, police seized the matrixes for a new edition of the book from the monthly publication *Testimony and Documents*, which was preparing to reprint it as a supplement to the July issue. (For more than a year, *Testimony and Documents* has been reprinting seized and censored newspaper articles concerning the Algerian war; nine of its fourteen issues to date have been confiscated.) The same morning, police-

ROLAND N. MURDOCK, an American journalist and translator, recently spent some time in Europe.

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men hacked to pieces the type blocks. *Testimony and Documents* is filing suit for theft and declares it will continue to reprint the book, whatever the consequences.

Reaction to the book's confiscation was immediate, in France and abroad. *Le Monde*, and every other paper to the Left of it, ran front-page stories in denunciation. The governmental press kept silent until a few days later, when it declared, with M. Debré, that *La Gangrène* was a "tissue of lies, and Communist propaganda."

But by then everyone was asking questions. That of Françoise Giroud, co-editor of *L'Express* was (June 25): "These are madmen, sick men, trembling with their obscene pleasure when their victims cry out with pain. Is it true that they are free to enjoy this pleasure in Paris, 300 feet from the Elysée?" (The Algerians were "interrogated" at the DST offices — the French FBI — directly across the street from the Elysée Palace, the residence of the President of the Republic. It is worth noting that the DST façade bears a memorial tablet commemorating the French patriots tortured in that same building by the Gestapo during the occupation.) Jacques Fauvet noted in *Le Monde* (June 19): "These students seem to have been tortured with special mercilessness, precisely because they were intellectuals. Nothing was done to prevent these acts of torture — everything on the contrary was done to facilitate them — the indifference of public opinion, and French law itself." The October 8, 1958, ordinance, part of the de Gaulle Government's "special powers in Algeria and France," permits the detention of a prisoner for an indeterminate length of time on the premises of his interrogation. A simple suspect may be kept for days or even weeks in a police station without the possibility of seeing a lawyer or doctor (two of the students were indicted, days after their arrest, while they were recovering *in the hospital* from their "questioning").

When Debré issued a short communiqué merely stating that the book had been seized because it was "untrue and defamatory," *Le Monde* replied (June 26): "The government's statement is a little brief. The book contains names, dates and places which call for other refutations than that of the simple statement 'untrue and defamatory.' It remains to be proven whether it is untrue or not." The *Canard Enchainé*, the satirical weekly which, in spite of its generally humorous style, is one of the best-informed of Parisian papers, was in no joking mood on June 24: "We can't speak of *La Gangrène;* the censors will not allow it. We can't give details of the book's contents. But we can at least say this—*whoever reads this book will not be able to sleep any more.* So we won't speak of gangrene—we're in good health. Such good health that we're probably going to die of it."

THE AUTHORS of the book are members of the UGEMA (*Union Générale des Etudiants Musulmans Algériens*); the government had ordered the dissolution of this Algerian students' organization because of its support of Algerian nationalism, and the defendants are accused of illegally reconstituting the association. Imprisoned last December, their trial has been set for July 24. Their defense attorney, Ould Audia, was shot to death last month at the door of his office in Paris. This young jurist, a Berber and a Catholic, was one of the small group of lawyers who, despite repeated threats, continued to defend Algerians in French courts. He is believed to have been assassinated by the Red Hand, a French terrorist gang responsible for the murders of several West German businessmen who were selling supplies to the FLN (Algerian National Liberation Front). Herr Wolf, the Frankfort public prosecutor investigating the murders in Germany, maintains that the Red Hand has been working on orders from the French secret service.

Although the Paris prefect of police forbade the exposure of Audia's body for the visit of family and friends, 4,000 people crowded into the Montparnasse cemetery for his funeral. Seven of the murdered lawyer's colleagues at the bar received threatening letters reading: "*Toi aussi*" ("You also"), followed by a number. Number 2 on the threatened death list is Audia's associate, Jacques Vergès, who defended Djamila Bouhred [see "An Algerian 'J'accuse,'" by Nora Beloff, *The Nation*, March 15, 1958]. It is to be recalled in this connection that last year, when André Malraux stated that "No act of torture has occurred since the arrival of General de Gaulle at Algiers," and suggested that François Mauriac and Albert Camus be sent to Algeria to investigate (Mauriac refused, saying he would have no way of controlling what he was shown), Audia and Vergès suggested to Malraux that the world-famous writers simply be sent "to the Versailles prison or the police station at Argenteuil." Malraux forwarded the letter to the government's Human Rights Commission, but its president did not even deign to answer.

In a tribute to Audia, Jean-Marie Domenach, editor of the influential liberal Catholic monthly, *Esprit*, stated:

> Will we ever know his killer? Perhaps not, but I don't hesitate to say that there is a collective responsibility which we must denounce tonight — the responsibility of those politicians, those journalists, who have been lying to us for years, the responsibility of those magistrates who have never ordered an investigation of the torturers' activities. We have some very simple questions to ask Malraux, and the others who are using their consciences as shields: Why don't you put a stop to these things? Are you accomplices to these crimes? No? Then you are powerless. . . .

WHAT IS revealed in this book by the assassinated lawyer's clients, this tiny volume whose publication has aroused such a furor? In the first chapter, Béchir Boumaza tells of his arrest by members of the DST. He was informed that if he cooperated and gave names, he'd be supplied with a "left-wing" lawyer, but if he didn't, and had to be "too torn up," he'd be thrown into the Seine with a note reading, "traitor to the FLN," pinned to him. He alleges that he was stripped naked, urinated on, forced to drink urine and subjected to torture by an electric-shock apparatus nicknamed "Gégène," which was applied to his entire body and

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—with particular vehemence—to his genitals.

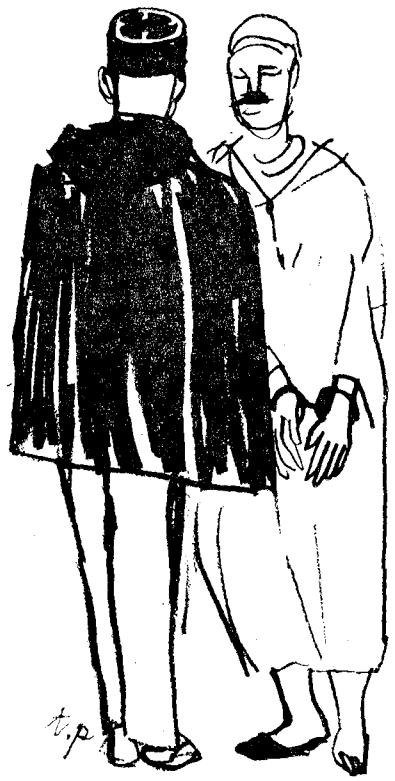
Mustapha Francis, a twenty-nine-year-old dental student, and brother of Ahmed Francis, Finance Minister of the rebel Algerian government, was also kept at the DST headquarters, located across the street from the French "White House" and within a stone's throw of the Rue St. Honoré, Paris' most fashionable shopping street. During his interrogation, he was visited by Roger Wybot, then head of the DST, who told the police: "Don't be gentle with the Minister's brother." Apparently they weren't, for a few days later, Francis was removed to the *Hotel Dieu,* the Paris municipal hospital, where his groin wounds necessitated surgery.

In the third chapter, Benaissa Souami, twenty-seven, a student at the Paris *Ecole de Sciences Politiques,* states that he answered a knock at his door last December 4 at three in the morning, to face six inspectors armed with machine guns. When they entered, grabbed him and started searching his room, he asked if they had a search warrant. He was answered with blows and handcuffs, and hauled off to DST headquarters:

> They tied my hands to my feet and put a bar about two meters long through the arm and knee articulations. They put the bar on two pieces of wood, placed at the end of two tables. I was "on the spit," head hanging down, feet in the air. . . . One of them started turning the handles of the machine and the bald man put the electrodes on my penis. I lost consciousness after a few minutes. They put some drops in my nose and started again. . . . I fainted several times.

Later, he was blindfolded and transported to another "office" by car. During a subsequent session, he was attached to a bench, his hands tied behind his back:

> They rocked the bench so that my head plunged in and out of a tub of water in front of me. It lasted a long time. I vomited into the tub and had to swallow the repugnant water again. Finally I was detached, and put "on the spit" again, until morning. . . . In the morning, they had found a new method: it was to hit me on the penis with a wooden ruler. . . . An inspector urinated in the tub. The



> electrodes were placed on my gums. I thought that my head would explode. Later, at another session with the tub, I tried to drown myself, but I only succeeded in swallowing the filthy water.

Moussa Khebaili, twenty-six, a student at the Paris School of Public Works, was arrested December 5, 1958. As he was receiving the electric torture, one of the inspectors whispered to him: "I got to know about torture with the Nazis—now it's me who's giving it out." Khebaili continues:

> I had to get down on my knees, and as my head was leaning back, one of the policemen gave me a kick which made me fall back, my mouth open. A policeman thrust the wet end of his shoe to my lips. He said: "I've just come from the toilet. I'm going to make you taste French shit."

That night, he was transported in a car which crossed the Seine at the Place de la Concorde:

> The Chamber of Deputies was lit up; I saw people going in and coming out. The "Tunisian" [Khebaili claims that some of the police were Frenchmen from Tunisia, recognizable by their accents when they spoke to him in Arabic] had the driver stop the car and said to me:
>
> "Look over there — we've stopped here to let you see how things have changed. Now there's some order inside there."
>
> I made no reply. He turned to his colleagues:
>
> "That's where the trouble was: the priests, the lawyers, the Jews, the Commies inside there. For them, France was always in the wrong. Now, France will always be in the right."
>
> Then, turning to me:
>
> "You may not like it, but that's the way it is. You belong to a race I hate, like the Negroes. Now you're going to see what France really is, you bunch of slaves. . . . I know, I'm only a cop, and you're an intellectual, but things have changed. Now it's me who's giving the orders. It's the cops' turn to reign now."

In the last chapter, Ali Hadj, a newspaperman, writes:

> One morning in December, 1958, I saw M. Khebaili in the DST building, Rue des Saussaies, as I was being brought for questioning. . . . As I was going up the stairway, M. Khebaili was coming down, and he walked so slowly that I had time to look at him carefully — and see the shape, or rather the shapelessness of his face: it was like a monstrous wound and only the eyes — haggard, staring eyes — indicated that it was the face of a human being. Where his lips had been, M. Khebaili had two voluminous and grotesque pieces of red cracked flesh; his nose was a huge frightful caricature, swollen in spots, crushed in others. His swollen face which looked as if it would burst, was like a nightmare. . . .

THE ABOVE is but a part of this horrifying book. Future historians and psychologists studying life under the Fifth Republic will in all likelihood be struck by two currents underlying the police's ferocity in this case, which may easily turn out to be *L'Affaire Dreyfus* of de Gaulle's regime. First, the "special mercilessness" with which, as *Le Monde* noted, "they seem to have been tortured, precisely because they were intellectuals." For the first time in modern France, perhaps indeed in France *tout court,* in spite of official pronouncements and the façade presented by Malraux as "Culture Minister," the regime is openly anti-intellectual, and a discernible propagandistic attempt is in course to constrain the

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public to assimilate "intellectual" with "defeatist," defeatist with Communist, Communist with FLN, FLN with traitor—simply because the great mass of French intellectuals is outspokenly adverse to the continuation of the war in Algeria. The *Chambre* will be voting next month on a law proposed by the rabble-rousing Fascist UNR deputy, Jean-Baptiste Biaggi, which would exact prison terms of hard labor in penal colonies for journalists writing articles "injurious to the army's morale, the army's hierarchy, or who raise doubts as to the legitimacy of the cause the army serves." Deputy Biaggi (photographs of whom have appeared, exercising his "commando" followers with machine guns in the Bois de Boulogne) recently wrote to Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, *L'Express*' courageous co-editor, to inform him that "I'm afraid you have a sickness that can only be cured with lead. But those who execute you at dawn won't be killers, they'll be carrying out court-martial orders." On June 27, Servan-Schreiber (author of the famous book, *Lieutenant in Algeria),* addressing the Federation of Veterans of Algeria in Lyons, was severely beaten up by rightist hoodlums who broke into the hall. Biaggi's law has not been voted on yet, but his word is already law for all too many French Fascist thugs.

The reader is also struck by another grisly undertone running all through *La Gangrène*—the police's fierce concentration on the Algerian prisoners' genitalia, revelatory of the psychotic sexual jealousy that very often accompanies certain forms of racism.

LAWYERS for three of the book's co-authors have appealed by telegram to the International Red Cross, declaring that they have been illegally prevented from visiting their clients since June 18. The three are among the 1,500 Algerian prisoners who went on a hunger strike recently as a protest against acts of brutality by the prison guards and the government's refusal to treat them as political prisoners, rather than common-law criminals.

A mass meeting in Paris sponsored by the League for the Rights of Man was addressed by three front-line witnesses of that gangrene which was born in Algeria and now seems to have spread to metropolitan France: Mme. Henri Alleg, wife of the author of *The Question* (confiscated under the Fourth Republic); Mme. Gilberte Audin, whose husband, a Communist professor of mathematics at Algiers University, "disappeared" two years ago after his arrest by French paratroopers (substantial evidence exists that he died while undergoing torture at the hands of his questioners—see *L'Affaire Audin* by Pierre Vidal-Naquet, *Les Editions de Minuit*); and Father Boudouresque, a priest who visited the authors of *La Gangrène* at Fresnes prison soon after their interrogation. Jean-Paul Sartre sent a message which demanded "an end to the tortures," and Daniel Mayer, dissident Socialist and president of the league, declared: "Fourteen months ago, four men signed a protest addressed to the President of the Republic, condemning the seizure of *The Question* and asking the government to disavow publicly the use of torture. Today *Gangrène* is confiscated. We ask M. Malraux, who signed that petition, what he thinks of this new affair, and I do not hesitate to say that if he does not accept an investigation, I shall henceforth consider the André Malraux whom I knew a dead man."

THE following day, June 26, Gaston Deferre, the Socialist Mayor of Marseilles, challenged Prime Minister Debré in the French Senate: "The Algerian war is undermining and destroying our institutions—even those of the Fifth Republic. The government must condemn these tortures, or be frank enough to admit that it finds itself obliged to resort to them." M. Debré replied: "The book that has just been seized is a forgery, made up out of whole cloth by two members of the Communist Party. This infamous, lying book doesn't contain a grain of truth."

Debré's declaration was reported in all of the newspapers. A few papers carried the reply which M. Lindon made on behalf of *Les Editions de Minuit:* "I had the manuscript in my possession for several months before printing it—and it was only published after a thorough investigation. . . . I'm certainly in a position to know that the book is not a forgery written by Communists. . . . I don't publish forgeries. Can M. Debré explain how a magistrate could go to the *Hotel Dieu* to indict these students without noticing the reasons that had put them there?" And the London *Times*' Paris correspondent noted (June 28) that even ". . . people who earnestly desire to cling to the official side are asking how two of the Algerians involved in the *Gangrène* affair came to be in-patients under guard at a Paris hospital when they were visited by the examining magistrate and charged with jeopardizing State security."

Christian Testimony, the Catholic weekly, commented on the affair in these terms: "As long as France's answer to the expressed will of a people to live is torture, it is France which will be menaced by death. . . . Torture will not be vanquished as long as the war lasts. *La Gangrène* is an important book because it makes one ask these questions: if these men were tortured, can the government prevent the recurrence of such acts? And if it cannot, does it know why it is unable to act?"

AND Claude Roy, in the June 25 *France Observateur,* devoted a full page to a description of how the sickness has spread from Algeria to France:

> These are not soldiers in Algeria, lost in a war-torn country, who hysterically use such [torture] methods, thinking the information gained may save the lives of some of their fellow troops. These are French civil-servants, who perform acts of torture in their own offices, when they are not sitting at a typewriter or filing reports, and their work finished, they go home to their families, to cafés or to neighborhood movies. If these Algerians have lied, let the government prove it.

A singular twitter of relative optimism flowed from the pen of well-meaning, aged François Mauriac, the sole staunch Gaullist voice ever to appear in the opposition press. (His column in *L'Express* has weekly

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reiterated faith in the General for well over a year, while the rest of the paper weekly devotes much of its space to excoriating de Gaulle.) Mauriac writes: "I still have confidence that our 'Don Quixote' is struggling to root out the cause of torture in this *pre-Fascist* period of our history."

The last word of this distressing report might well be left to two impartial voices from across the Channel which can speak with all the more authority for being out of the mêlée. *The Observer* (London) commented on June 28: "Only a few days ago M. Debré, the French Premier, was appealing to his Western allies to understand and support French policy in Algeria. If he is asking us to support a policy which requires the use of torture to enforce it, can he really be surprised when we refuse?" And the *Manchester Guardian* editorialized on June 24:

> The confiscation of the book can only confirm the allegations it contained. The French Government has only itself to blame if these things are believed abroad. It is acting as though they were true, and what is more discreditable still, as though it wished to hush them up. Probably some members of the French Government are conscious of . . . the beastly practices alleged in *La Gangrène*. . . . But they are going the wrong way about it. They shouldn't be confiscating *La Gangrène*; they should be cutting it out.

INVASION BY ROWBOAT . . *by Carleton Beals*

THE RUINS of Panama Viejo, left by pirate Henry Morgan centuries ago, are the chief tourist attraction of the Isthmus of Panama. In April, Panama's Ambassador in Washington dramatically implored the Organization of American States (O.A.S.) to prevent Panama City from being turned into a future tourist attraction by "modern pirates" — the eighty-nine invaders, mostly Cubans, who had landed in the jungles at Playa Colorado. Unilaterally, the United States had already rushed military aid to Panama's President De la Guardia.

The hysteria displayed by the Ambassador, the Pentagon and the American press over a band of ragamuffins hardly large enough to make up a comic-opera chorus on Broadway, suggests that great leaders are jittery souls in a jittery age. Even if Fidel Castro's shadow looms large, it seems strange that the antics of filibusterers and pirates can arouse such emotion in this atomic era, when the masters of the loaves and fishes can lay a whole continent waste.

Do these picturesque but deadly exploits represent anything meaningful for national independence and freedom? Or are they ingeniously contrived by international behind-scenes intrigue? Who are the plotters? Fidel and Raul Castro? The various dictators themselves? The U.S. military missions, which go around decorating the wrong people? The Allen Dulles secret organization which helped overthrow a Guatemalan government and set up puppet Castillo Armas? There are some very distorted gnomes to be seen through the dark glass.

The stakes are not small: billions in investments and United States security in a troubled world, where sympathy for this country is steadily narrowing. Latin America is a handy dumping ground for war materiel which, even if outmoded by atomic-war requirements, is nevertheless up to World War II standards, and has provided dictators and governments in that area with more power than they have ever enjoyed before against their own oppressed peoples.

So the 1959 invasions are not child's play, whatever sinister, or hopeful, forces are at work. Cuban Dictator Gerardo Machado had one funny little tank that used to rattle through Havana's streets. Dictator Fulgencio Batista had a great fleet of tanks, relatively worthless for modern war, but deadly for the people he tortured so cruelly. He had United States jet planes and naphthalm bombs with which to burn whole villages and their families to ashes. A few years ago, Dictator Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua had only a few old scout planes; today, each of three regiments has fifteen jet fighters, a thousand trucks, a battalion of tanks, light and heavy mobile artillery, and technical specialists trained by a large United States military mission. Batista's Cuba suffered a dozen Guernicas; had it been Hungary, we would have heard of them. Yet not even a United States Senator, as Ernest Gruening of Alaska discovered, is permitted to know how much all this cruelty costs the American taxpayer.

YET much of the heavy equipment, even planes, is of little use in wild country. Though the tiny invading forces face tremendous odds, at least they are equipped with weapons for rough terrain — there is plenty of loose military hardware floating around Europe, the United States, Latin America. As Sandino learned in Nicaragua, where he resisted the U.S. Army successfully for six years — and as Castro found in Cuba — arms supplies are gradually built up by successful raids. The revolutionists, or invaders, can always buy additional U.S. materiel, moreover, from the regular forces of the Opposition (in Cuba, Batista's soldiers were selling Castro's men cartridges at 15 cents each, U.S. grenades for $10, bazookas for $20, machine guns for $350 to $500; on one occasion, Castro purchased a whole military train).

The real secret, however, is not military might, but ideas. Ideas, more terrifying to dictators than machine guns, undermine the loyalty of soldier and civilian. A leader, a

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cause, a faith — these are more potent weapons than an electronic death-ray. So the example of Garibaldi (seven men and a mule), of Sandino, of Castro, has spread. In spite of the grandiose military aid given them, all the dictators in the area will soon perish.

The invaders, whatever their aims — and some seem no better than those they seek to overthrow — are riding the tide of historical change; they are part of the unfolding drama of Europe, Africa and Asia. Of course, in Latin America there are special forces at work; there, revolt is triggered by long-smoldering resentments over past invasions, Dollar Diplomacy, absentee ownership of national resources. After World War II, students roared through the streets of Brazil and Peru and Panama to force the United States to relinquish wartime bases, as promised. When Nasser seized the Suez Canal, it brought Panama students into the streets again, making demands for equal rights, equal pay, equal profits, joint administration of the Canal Zone (a Jim Crow realm). Last year, students blocked President De la Guardia from giving away more of Panama's territory — at a cost of fourteen dead.

THE CURTAIN-RAISER for this year's events, according to *Bohemia* of Cuba, was the super-secret session in the International Hotel of San Salvador, April 9, of all the American ambassadors of the Caribbean, with Under Secretary Loy W. Henderson and Inter-American Affairs Secretary Roy R. Rubottom in attendance. Afterwards, there was a prolonged news session for American correspondents and a very brief one for Latin American correspondents.

This "Operation San Salvador," the Salvador press related, "is not concerned with justice or freedom." Reportedly, the diplomats arrived at the following conclusions: The Cuban revolution must be "confined" and pressured into conservative channels. At all odds, any attack against the Somoza dynasty in Nicaragua must be prevented. Indirect but "decisive" support must be given to Trujillo, Duvalier and any other "friend" of the United States. Cuba should be accused of aggression to assist in stabilizing menaced tyrannies. However, any preventive action should be taken within the framework of the O.A.S. to avoid any semblance of treaty violation.

Bohemia called the ambassadorial reunion "sinister." Another publication asked: "Would the United States permit all the Latin American ambassadors to meet in Chicago to discuss what to do about Little Rock and Ike's projects for the rest of the continent?" In San Salvador, 15,000 people gathered to hear the National Students Federation denounce the meeting. "This is an act of intervention," the federation charged. "This is a conspiracy against Cuba. . . . We condemn every machination against the Cuban revolution and all repressive action against the liberation movement. . . ."

The Panama invasion has a curious smell. It was master-minded by wealthy Roberto "Tito" Arias, of one of Panama's reigning families, and lawyer Rubén Miró, his cousin, recently acquitted after three years' imprisonment for the assassination of former President José Antonio "Chichi" Remón (1955) and, previous to that, involved with Jacob Arbenz in the Guatemala fight against Castillo-Armas. The expedition, recruited in Cuba by Miró, was led by Enrique Morales Bird, son of the Vice President of Panama's Supreme Court. Thus events hark back to a dynastic struggle among Panama's twenty leading families and to an official assassination, in which a gang murder over narcotics was also involved.

Bohemian (Havana)

Trujillo: "There's revolution even in my soup!"

When the eighty-nine-man Cuban expedition overshot the prepared rendezvous with Arias and landed at Playa Colorado in the jungles, Morales Bird and two others were drowned. Leadership was assumed by the Cuban, César Vega, a Castro supporter and romantic rebel.

President De la Guardia denounced the impending Cuban expedition as early as April 16, nine days before it landed on Panama soil. Castro, then in the United States, swore that Cuba would never be used as a base for the invasion of any country. He repeated this on April 24 to the Overseas Press Club in New York. Yet the expedition had already set out from Cuba on April 19 and landed in Panama April 25. Both Panama and the United States were primed. The day the news broke, the United States rushed arms to De la Guardia. Two days later, a five-man O.A.S commission flew south from Washington, empowered to use member nation forces. De la Guardia and the American press and radio branded the expedition as "Communist" though not one Communist has ever been identified among the invaders. The rebels surrendered tamely, and two months later were released with the declaration that they had broken no Panamanian law.

Much of the Latin American press has called the whole business a put-up job, a maneuver to discourage further invasions, a try-out for quickly handling expected invasions against the dictators of Nicaragua and the Dominican Republic. The press predicted, in many instances, that the invaders would never be punished — as indeed they were not.

TROUBLE struck in Nicaragua late in May — a general strike of Managua businessmen which sealed up every activity. Dictator-President Luis Somoza clamped on the most severe martial law in the country's

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history, arresting thirty-four Conservative oppositionists and one Communist. Three planeloads of invaders swept in from Costa Rica, and Somoza clamored for O.A.S. aid against "the Communists."

The airborne expedition was masterminded from San José, Costa Rica, by Enrique Lacayo Faifán and was led by Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, a conservative newspaper editor who had been tried in 1956 with a score of others for the assassination of Anastasio Somoza. Sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, he escaped to Costa Rica. The other rebels were all offshoots of the Chamorro dynasty which had ruled Nicaragua for thirty years with U.S. Marine support, until General Henry Simpson turned the country over to the Liberal puppet-dynasty of Moncada-Sacas-Somoza, which was to rule Nicaragua even more ruthlessly for thirty-odd years. Even Somoza could not continue to call this airborne raid "a Communist" invasion; the real "Red invasion," he declared, fostered by Venezuela and Cuba, was still poised on the frontier in Honduras, and was coming by sea.

TWO other rulers were perturbed: Conservative Ydígoras of Guatemala, and Trujillo. But during the Panama and Nicaragua invasions, Ydígoras saw Cuban invasion craft on very wave. One turned out to be loaded with coconuts. The Cuban press described his blasts as a joint plot with the United Fruit Company to discredit Cuba's land reform, which Castillo-Armas and Ydígoras had destroyed in Guatemala.

Trujillo simply could not endure not having his own "Red" invasion. On April 30, Dominican pilot Captain Juan de Diós Venturo Simó landed in Puerto Rico and asked for asylum. On May 4, he took off for Venezuela, headquarters of all Dominicans in exile, and wormed himself into the confidence of the leaders. Long-nurtured plans for invasion were speeded up. Simó flew in sixty or so rebels on June 14, led by Dominican exile Enrique Jiménez Moya, the chief ramrod of efforts to depose the dictator. He, too, along with Cézar Vega, had been a Castro supporter and had entered Havana in triumph by Castro's side only last January. Now, he walked into a baited trap.

Simó, in touch by radio with the Dominican authorities, guided his planeload of rebels into the east central Constanza airport. No government jets buzzed it. No officials were on hand for the customary inspections. Another pilot was allowed to fly the plane away unmolested. Then the invaders were surrounded on all sides by a ring of steel. Simó slipped away in the dark to be "captured." Most of the others were mowed down. Twenty escaped into the hills.

Trujillo, who had set the invasion in motion through his stooge, Simó, crowed a bit too soon. From June 14 to June 24, some 300 men came in by sea and plane, mostly from Cuba. On June 20, two hundred were brought to Maimón and Sosúa near Puerto Plata. These men meant business. According to Trujillo, their two vessels were escorted to within seventy miles by the Cuban gunboats, *José Martí, Antonio Maceo* and *Máximo Gómez.* Castro said he was too busy even to deny such nonsense, but relations between the two countries were soon broken off. Trujillo announced that the two ships had been wiped out by air and sea bombardment, that the few rebels who had managed to swim ashore had been killed by peasants armed with machetes. The opposition has denied this and insists that fighting is going on in three separate areas. As in Batista's Cuba, it is claimed, the American-supplied Dominican jet air force is ruthlessly bombing and burning whole villages of civilians. But Batista and Perón are said to be hastily packing bags.

As for the treacherous stool-pigeon Simó, on June 19 he was raised from Captain to Lieutenant Colonel in the Dominican Army at a regal Palace reception, where the newsmen photographed him in a posed picture, shaking hands with U.S. Ambassador Joseph Farland, who has so long praised the good works of Dictator Trujillo.

'TOONDER' ON THE RIGHT . . *by Roger Kahn*

AMONG THE ISSUES at stake on that warm wet evening when Ingemar Johansson and Floyd Patterson stepped into a blaze of light at Yankee Stadium, the heavyweight championship of the world ranked no better than third.

As the startlingly low attendance underscored even before the fight began, the first question was whether boxing could survive in its old manner as a popular carnival of blood. Despite months of competent promotion, there was a turn-out of fewer than 20,000 customers on a night when television coverage was blacked out within a seventy-five-mile radius of New York City. The night of a heavyweight championship fight traditionally has been the time to see Jim Farley and Tom Dewey and a few eager actresses pushing their way through crowds on the way to ringside. I remember staring up at the silent rows of empty seats and wondering if a big fight could ever again become an event at which it was fashionable to be seen.

The second issue, which the newspapers have been making complex, comes down to a struggle for the control of big-time boxing. Patterson is a proud, sensitive, intelligent, young fighter, but he entrusts all affairs of business to his busy manager, Constantine (Cus) D'Amato. Grouped against D'Amato, who in certain poses bears a resemblance to Napoleon, are Johansson, independent and wise in the ways of the

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dollar, and Bill Rosensohn, a Williams College graduate, who promoted the Johansson-Patterson fight and would like to promote all Johansson's future fights.

Until recently, control of boxing was no more in question than the control of telephone lines. The business functioned as a monopoly and the daily press agreed that this was the only practical way. The sponsoring corporation tied up the best arenas in the country so that fighters who wanted bouts had to agree to terms set down by the corporation or go back to driving trucks. The specific title of the corporation has changed each generation, but there is a direct, lineal chain from president Tex Rickard, who promoted fights in the days of Dempsey, to president Mike Jacobs, who promoted fights in the days of Louis, to president Jim Norris, who promoted fights after World War II.

Last year the Supreme Court snapped the chain by ruling, in effect, that promoting fights *and* controlling arenas constituted a violation of anti-trust laws. The International Boxing Club, Norris' corporation, deflated with a gurgling rush of air and an entirely new situation was created.

Since Yankee Stadium or Madison Square Garden or the Los Angeles Coliseum was now required to open its doors to anyone with rent money, the promoter could no longer rule the fighter. By running key stadiums, Mike Jacobs finally came to run Joe Louis. Now the most skillful promoter can only develop a "package" for a fighter and hope that no one else develops a larger one.

What this means, in a practical sense, is that the heavyweight champion and his manager can call their own shots. After the Supreme Court decision, D'Amato could freely book Patterson anywhere, or merely sit back and choose among numerous offers. Even while the decision was pending, D'Amato played a hunch and refused to do business with Norris' powerful I.B.C. Instead he matched Patterson, who is Negro, against a white amateur pushed all the way into a Seattle ring by a group of Southern segregationists. Then he matched him against a harmless semi-professional from Texas. Both fights were dull, although D'Amato insisted he was getting the best possible opposition for his charge.

D'Amato had been a poor man and there is some suspicion that with the I.B.C. collapsing, he saw in his young champion not just a good ten years, but a rich lifetime. By building a whole stable of champions, starting with the heavyweight, he could inflict fierce terms on promoters. Some might go broke, but as D'Amato once read, there's one born every minute.

To D'Amato's surprise, Rosensohn, who still looks boyish at thirty-nine, decided to gamble against him. After a firm contract for the Johansson-Patterson fight was signed, D'Amato pressed for more money, but Rosensohn balked and won a dangerous victory. The minor setback enraged D'Amato, who then hinted broadly that Rosensohn would promote no further Patterson fights. Rosensohn knew that the only certain way to expand the fortune he had inherited was to promote not one fight, but a series of major fights. He looked miserable, but he stood his ground. Johansson appeared to like Rosensohn and as advance sales lagged Rosensohn rooted quietly and desperately for the challenger.

ALL THIS is pretty heady stuff to consider at ringside and I don't suppose anyone considered it as the sky stopped dripping and the two heavyweights stepped into the ring. Immediately, there was a championship to be decided. We knew Patterson, fast of foot and hand and reflex but without great punching power. We had seen him wear down opponents, confident in command, with just a faint tendency to be careless and leave himself open for a right hand.

Johansson was utterly unknown. He brought most of his family and a pretty brunette friend from Sweden when he set up his Norse camp outside of Grossinger's Hotel. There is an old rule that fighters should live monastically while training, and sex, old boxing hands insist, is the quintessence of evil. Their reasoning holds

that a man deprived of sex tends toward surliness and that a good, surly fighter will beat a good cheerful fighter any time. While old hands everywhere shuddered, Johansson danced frequently with his brunette friend in the grand ballroom at Grossinger's and while he did draw the line at *gefülte* fish, he savored most of the other pleasures at the resort.

He did not throw one right hand punch in front of newspapermen during his seven weeks of training. "Toonder," he would say, holding the hand high. "There is toonder here." But no one heard the thunder and few believed that it existed.

The fight began with Patterson following a characteristically cautious opening. He moved quickly and lightly, holding his gloves together in front of his chin, and studying Johansson. Normally Patterson fights several cautious rounds, plotting most of his moves before he makes them.

Once Johansson threw a right hand, but it merely grazed Patterson's head as he sparred in his conservative way. There was booing after the second round. Nothing had happened.

With twenty seconds gone in the third round, Patterson moved toward Johansson. The challenger poked his left hand at Patterson's right shoulder and the champion parted his raised gloves to block the blow. Then, through an opening between the gloves scarcely bigger than a fist, Toonder rumbled. Johansson's right caught Patterson squarely on the nose and mouth and the cham-

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pion fell over backwards. Suddenly, this proud, intelligent, young man had no idea where he was or who he was fighting or what had happened.

He sat up at the count of six and got to his feet at the count of nine, holding one hand to his nose like a little boy who has been hurt and doesn't want to fight any more. Now Johansson struck out with a left and a right to the head and Patterson went down again. There were seven knockdowns before the referee stopped the fight and made Johansson heavyweight champion. As he did, Rosensohn raised his own hands in celebration of a personal triumph.

Two moments linger in the mind from Johansson's frightening demonstration of controlled savagery. Once, after the fourth or fifth knockdown, as Patterson lifted himself on the ring ropes, the champion's whole frame shook with a sigh. Then his mouth tightened and he turned, a proud professional, moving forward with all hope of victory fled, to face the blows of a stronger man. Then, at about the same time, Sandra Patterson, Floyd's wife, rushed toward the ring crying, "No, no, no." Each time Johansson drove a punch into her husband, Sandra Patterson made a whimpering sound.

These are surely not things one soon forgets, but, quite coldly, Floyd Patterson warrants no special pity. He has chosen to be a prize fighter voluntarily. Prize fighting has made him wealthy. Statistically, he is safer in the ring than he would be if he played sandlot football. Boxing's harshest critics ignore these points and they choose to ignore as well the fact that a great fight crams courage and strength, fear and weakness, into a tiny cockpit. That fight at Yankee Stadium might have given even Aristotle catharsis.

Patterson was beaten because Toonder is the best right-hand punch since the great days of Joe Louis, but he lost, too, because he was a victim of the struggle for power within boxing. An experienced fighter, stumbling to his feet after a knockdown, knows only one thing: hold on. He grabs his opponent and if he grabs hard enough, thirty seconds may pass before the opponent can set him up for another hard punch. In thirty seconds a man's mind can clear and a fight can turn around. But Patterson was a pawn in D'Amato's challenge of the I.B.C., however honorable that challenge may have been, and as such he fought only the handful of heavyweights outside of I.B.C. control.

Against weak opposition, he always won without trouble; so, when trouble finally came, he simply did not know what to do. Instead of almost instinctively holding on, he waddled about like a duck for Johansson's marksmanship. I am not suggesting that Patterson could have come back quickly; only that he might have lasted through the third round. After that it would have been interesting to see if Toonder could strike twice.

Currently, Bill Rosensohn, armed with Johansson's confidence, is preparing to promote a re-match for the championship, this time driving a hard bargain with D'Amato. Rosensohn says he lost $40,000 in the first promotion but now he believes he is moving toward huge profit.

Aside from supplementary television contracts, is huge profit still possible in boxing? Toonder will, I suspect, lure Farley and Dewey and the actresses to ringside for the rematch. The crowd should run close to 60,000, with gate receipts of almost $1 million. The business of boxing is changing, but the sport of boxing can still generate the single most electric instant anywhere in American sports when a great right fist crashes home.

CRIME IN A CHANGING SOCIETY

THE LUXURY OF PUNISHMENT . . *by Gresham M. Sykes*

RECENT events suggest a resurgence of the urge to get tough, to crack down on delinquency and crime. In Delaware, the only state in which public flogging is permissible as a penalty for crime, the legislature has tried to pass a bill making it not only permissible but mandatory. J. Edgar Hoover has just warned us that we must stop pampering juvenile delinquents; a number of officials have declared that killing the dope peddler is the only safe course; the U.S. Attorney General has expressed his desire for another Alcatraz. The "give 'em hell" school of penology, in short, seems due once again for a burst of popularity.

This recurrent cry for a crackdown is, of course, not confined to our handling of the criminal. There are periodic attacks on the frightful extravagance of government bureaucrats, the shocking rise in the divorce rate, the bad manners of modern youth — and, perhaps most notably, the alleged failure of our educational system. The solution for our social problems, we are told, is to find the individual villains in the piece and force them to return to the proven verities.

Why do these demands for a crackdown come and go? It may be that something really is rotten and since a consistently high level of indignation is hard to maintain, we get it in cycles. And it may be that the campaign for a crackdown is a pretty safe bandwagon; nobody is likely

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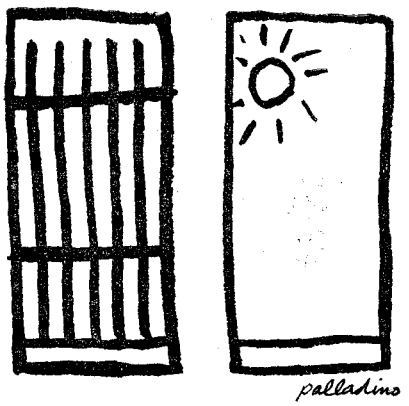
to get into trouble asking why Johnny can't read or lambasting the sins of bureaucracy. But in the case of crime and delinquency something more seems to be at work. There is a harshly punitive attitude toward the offender which has never vanished from our thinking and which periodically flares out under the stimulus of a particularly savage crime, a dramatic violation of parole, or a rebellion of prisoners. It is this readiness to respond with an emotional outburst which led Professor Robert Park to say a number of years ago, "We are always passing laws in America. We might as well get up and dance. The laws are largely to relieve emotions, and the legislatures are quite aware of that fact."

The trouble with these cyclical get-tough campaigns is that they represent a denial of experience, an escape from rationality — like kicking the cat in a moment of anger. However emotionally satisfying they may be, they obscure the real problem, namely the reduction of crime and delinquency; and the public is blinded to the advances we have made in techniques for handling the criminal.

We have come a long way from the early tradition of extreme harshness toward the offender — from, let us say, 1584, when it was decreed that the murderer of William of Orange should have his "right hand . . . burned off with a red-hot iron, that the flesh be torn from the bones in six different places with pincers, that he be quartered and disemboweled alive," and finally, "as a gesture of infinite mercy," he was to be killed. Mutilation, beating, branding, boiling, beheading — all have slowly been abandoned. If for nothing else, I suppose, we must admire our predecessors for their ingenuity in devising ways to inflict pain on their fellow men. But in any event, by the end of the seventeenth century the more sadistic and brutal forms of punishment had been largely replaced by imprisonment.

SEVERAL factors have been suggested to account for this change in penal philosophy. The spread of personal liberty which made it possible to view its loss as a serious deterrent to crime, the growth of humanitarianism, the impact of the Enlightenment which pictured man as carefully weighing the pleasure of crime against the pain of years in captivity, the demand for productive labor of prisoners in an era of industrialization — all may have been at work. The important point, however, is that simple retaliation was no longer thought to be sufficient as a way of dealing with the criminal; deterrence and reformation emerged as major goals. This may not have been as great a change as it appears, since punishment was still thought to be the best way of frightening the offender into conformity or creating a moral distaste for wrongdoing; but at least punishment was no longer regarded as an end in itself.



Unfortunately, a large part of the nineteenth century was taken up with what now seems to have been a dusty, pointless quarrel. Penologists split into two hostile factions arguing the relative merits of constant solitary confinement versus association during the day and isolation at night — an inane matter of Tweedledum versus Tweedledee. The only good result of the quarrel was *Democracy in America*, which came as a by-product of de Tocqueville's commission from the French government to study American penal systems. The conflict was more or less forgotten in the emergence of the reformatory movement, based on the Declaration of Principles adopted by the Cincinnati Prison Congress in 1870. Some eighty years later we are still trying to put those principles into practice. The classification of prisoners for greater precision of treatment, the release of the offender when he is ready for release rather than serving a fixed and arbitrary sentence, vocational training and training for the demands of life as a member of society — all have long been recognized as essential for a program of rehabilitation. But as one noted criminologist has said:

> The most enlightened penal practice of our day has not even yet fully caught up with the theory expounded by the more progressive of the veteran penologists of eighty years ago. This fact is both a challenge to current practices and an effective answer to those who contend that enlightened penologists are now "running wild" with novel and untried vagaries.

Today, to be sure, we have largely eliminated the systematic degradation and neglect which characterized imprisonment for so long, even if movement in the direction of the offender's reformation is little more than a gesture in many of our institutions. We no longer chain the prisoner to the floor, force him to wear a mask, or impose the more refined torture of perpetual solitude. Yet imprisonment is still punishment — and to a far greater extent than is commonly recognized.

The loss of liberty, the monotony and the boredom are only the beginning. The inmate is faced with a peculiar psychological attack which is in many ways as painful — if not more painful — than the physical maltreatment we are so proud of having given up. The prisoner, remember, lives in poverty as a matter of public policy, an unwilling monk of the twentieth century, and he must suffer the stigma of material want in a society where material well-being is a major symbol of personal worth. He is in effect castrated by his involuntary seclusion and must learn to live with the many problems — including homosexuality — of a world without women. He is reduced to the helpless state of childhood, for the detailed regulations of the custodians strip him of much of his autonomy.

However irrational it may seem, we have decided to reform criminals by locking them up with hundreds

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or thousands of other criminals; and the prisoner must eat, work and sleep in the company of murderers, thieves and rapists. Finally, we have defined the inmate, by a variety of symbols, as a man outside the boundaries of humanity, as a man so dangerous and inherently evil that he must never be trusted. This punishing psychological onslaught, then, should be recognized as a major feature of the modern prison, rather than the atmosphere of a country club which the critics of modern penology are so fond of conjuring up.

DESPITE THE fact that our main method of handling the criminal and the delinquent still is punishment, we can see here and there the first vague outline of an attempt to catch up with the penologists of the last century. At the Highfields Project in New Jersey, for example, under the leadership of Drs. F. Lovell Bixby, Lloyd McCorkle and Albert Elias, juvenile delinquents live in a unique institution where the notion of punishing the offender for his past sins has been virtually abandoned. Group therapy, meaningful work and a climate of support rather than repression are the weapons of rehabilitation. Fritz Redl's work with delinquent boys at the Pioneer House in Detroit had paved the way and his account of that experience — in *Children Who Hate* — is still one of the most enlightening studies of the youthful offender that has been made. Mr. Redl has shown that giving up punishment does not mean falling into the opposite extreme — a naive belief that love alone will reform the ills of the world.

In Puerto Rico, the Director of Corrections, Porfirio Diaz Santana, maintains a work camp for adult criminals which involves a degree of freedom seldom found elsewhere. The minimum-security prison at Seagoville, Texas, a part of the federal penal system, under Director Bennett, has broken with much of the older punitive philosophy and has been described by one penologist as a "gleaming light in the barbaric night of modern penal treatment." The use of social workers as quasi-gang members with juvenile gangs, as in New York after the murder of fifteen-year-old Michael Farmer, represents a remarkable innovation in the old vicious circle of delinquency, arrest, punishment and more delinquency. And, of course, there is the slow and painful growth of rehabilitative programs in some of our regular institutions.

FROM THESE and similar experiences, a new idea is beginning to emerge. There are many people who now believe that only under very limited conditions is punishment effective as a means of preventing crime. First, punishment must be commensurate with the crime, for otherwise it breeds a sense of martyrdom and resentment which encourages new illegal acts. Second, punishment must be both quick and certain, if it is to serve as a realistic deterrent. Third, punishment must stand as a symbol of the ethical condemnation of society and not as a personal gesture of retaliation. Fourth, punishment imposed by the legal system must be in accord with the values of society at large. And fifth, the psychology of the criminal act must be such that the threat of punishment has an opportunity to enter the individual's motivational structure.

We know, in reality, that these conditions are seldom met. Arbitrary sentencing procedures break down any neat equation between crime and punishment. Both the deliberate and unintentional inefficiencies of our legal system create a situation in which punishment is neither quick nor certain; it has been estimated that for every one hundred major crimes committed in the United States each year, less than five persons are sent to prison. Public disparagement and suspicion of law-enforcement agencies undermines much of the ethical quality of punishment. Legal morality and popular morality are frequently in conflict. And the impulsive or unconscious motivation of much criminal behavior frequently renders punishment irrelevant.

Even if the necessary conditions for punishment's effectiveness were met, it is still doubtful if punishment is the best way to reduce crime and delinquency. Punishment, under ideal conditions, may deter some potential offenders. But we have come to realize that a society in which men conform to the law through fear is hardly preferable to a society in which the only answer to the deviant is revenge. The best objective — for practical reasons if for no other — is rehabilitation, the transformation of the offender to a point where he willingly follows the dictates of the law. Punishment, in short, may be a luxury that we can ill afford, for you seldom inculcate a love of virtue by hitting a man in the face.

It is true, of course, that punishment will have a role in any social order. We know, for example, that hitting a dog or spanking a child or fining a motorist is precisely how we do secure conforming behavior in special instances. But most criminals are not dogs, children or delinquent drivers, and we must be skeptical of analogies. It is also true that for some criminals there is no alternative to punishment; some men are so dangerous that they must be kept locked up. But at least we can admit that our real aim is to keep such men out of circulation and not make a pretense that their captivity will somehow lead to their reform.

The public is not likely to take this idea — that punishment is in many cases a fallacy — to its heart at the present time. This is understandable. The idea runs counter to our deepest feelings about the hard, necessary nexus of sin, guilt and retribution. But the present clamor for a crackdown on crime and delinquency, for harsher treatment of the offender, is inexcusable. It is not simply a failure to progress but a retrogression to a policy of demonstrated inefficiency. Perhaps, as Morris Cohen has suggested, it is not necessary to prove that punishment always prevents crime in order to justify its use, any more that it is necessary to show that medicine always prevents death or cures ills. But we cannot escape the task of searching for better ways to prevent crime; and to deliberately ignore the advances which have been made and the new avenues which are opening up is to return to the days of Bedlam.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Source of Nixon's Strength

RICHARD NIXON: A Political and Personal Portrait. By Earl Mazo. Harper & Bros. 309 pp. $3.95.

James MacGregor Burns

AMONG liberals there are two prevailing theories about Vice President Nixon — the amorality theory and the immorality theory. The latter, which is based mainly on his campaign methods, holds that the man is downright dishonest, unethical, even vicious. The amorality hypothesis, which takes into account the so-called "new Nixon," holds that Nixon simply shifts like a barometer needle to every change in the moral atmosphere.

This book gives powerful support to the amorality theory. Nixon emerges as a man utterly lacking in any fixed conviction as to either the means or ends of politics. He does not really believe in unfair campaigning. What he believes is that the test of unfairness lies in what the current traffic will bear, in what the candidate can get away with, rather than in traditional and long-prescribed rules of the game, or in "cricket morality," as Arthur Koestler has called it. Most politicians are caught at least a bit between an inner moral code, however amorphous or elastic, and the expediencies of vote getting. Nixon has been spared all this; lacking inner guides, he simply looks for the thumbs up or the thumbs down of the crowd. And if the crowd is in a lynching mood, as so often recently, down comes the ax.

Mr. Mazo's fascinating volume abounds with examples of Nixon's amorality. On the second page he tells us that the Vice President "is a practicing Quaker, at home with precepts of kindness to one's fellow man; yet, in fighting for votes, he has resorted to malignant innuendo. . . ." His Quaker upbringing excluded gambling as a sin, but Nixon gambled at cards shrewdly, persistently and successfully all through the war. Nixon came out of college something of a liberal, turned reactionary during the late 1940s as the country changed, and now is a "modern Republican." He was against McCarthyism, not because it was bad in itself, but because it was bad for the unity and effectiveness of the Republican Party. His notorious campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas was marked, not simply by his wild charges, but, Mr. Mazo emphasizes, by the "adroitness and calmness" with which Nixon and his people did the job — "like a team of experienced surgeons performing masterful operations for the benefit of humanity." The author's chief defense of Nixon's tactics against Mrs. Douglas, incidentally, is that her Democratic opponents in the primary had made somewhat similar charges against her. Again the emphasis is on the prevailing public attitudes toward the rules.

Amorality undoubtedly has its political uses. Untroubled by moral dilemmas, a politician can see his self-interest with instant clarity. The events of the "Nixon fund," which Mr. Mazo describes superbly and in detail, suggest that when a man is caught in a fix over a matter of ethics, all he needs is a strong man around to solve the problem. The situation just before the famous broadcast was a dramatic one. Eisenhower was hemming and hawing, indecisive as usual, but evidently hoping that his running mate would pull out of the race on his own. The mail was going heavily against Nixon. Stassen had urged him to quit, and a few minutes before the broadcast was to begin, Dewey phoned to say that most of the General's campaign advisers felt that Nixon should resign. For a while Nixon debated with himself. Was he justified in putting his own judgment over theirs, with so much at stake? None other than his campaign adviser, Murray Chotiner, saved the day. If Nixon was kicked off the ticket, Chotiner said, he would hold a press conference, tell the whole story, and "break every rule in the book."

"Would you really do that?" Nixon asked.

"Sure," said Chotiner. . . . "Hell, we'd be through with politics anyway. It wouldn't make any difference."

"Some way Chotiner's cold, realistic logic [sic] broke the tension," Nixon later told Mazo, and by the time he got to the studio he had decided not to resign.

As an amoralist Nixon has the great advantage that he can approach any problem with a variety of instantly available alternatives. Consider his behavior in the face of mobs on his turbulent South American trip. In Lima "I had several alternative plans in mind," he told Mazo. "I always leave myself a chance to change plans when dealing with Communists. . . ." In Caracas, "the minute I stepped off the plane, while getting the salute, I cased the place. I always do that when I walk out. . . ." Nor is Nixon handicapped by old-fashioned codes of loyalty, such as the one that compelled Dean Acheson to say that he would not turn his back on Alger Hiss. When Chotiner's, and later Sherman Adams', usefulness was over, Nixon turned his back evidently without a tremor.

THIS honest and remarkably revealing book covers much more than Nixon and his amorality. There are vivid pictures of the Vice President's role in the Taft-Eisenhower fight of 1952; of Stassen's curious dealings with him; of the continuing tension between Nixon's people and Eisenhower's; of Nixon's doubts and tears and occasional decisions to quit politics altogether; of murderous Republican infighting. But somehow one's thoughts always return to the void within which Nixon conducts his operations. There is one sure thing in politics, the Vice President has said — "what goes up comes down and what goes down often comes up." The coming election year will be an interesting test of this notion.

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS, professor of political science at Williams College, was a member of the Massachusetts delegation to the Democratic National Convention in 1952 and in 1956. His most recent book is Roosevelt: **The Lion and the Fox.**

From the Gradual Grass

Imagine a voice calling,
"There is a voice now calling,"
or maybe a blasting cry:
"Walls are falling!"
as it makes walls be falling.

Then from the gradual grass,
too serious to be just noise —
whatever it is grass makes,
making words, a voice:
"Destruction is ending; this voice

Is promising quiet: sound,
by lasting, not trying, grows to sound
endlessly from the world's end
promising quiet."
Imagine. *That voice is calling.*

WILLIAM STAFFORD

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Last View of Yankee City

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD: A Study of the Symbolic Life of Americans. By W. Lloyd Warner. Yale University Press. 528 pp. $7.50.

W. G. McLoughlin

WITH this fifth volume W. Lloyd Warner has completed the famous Yankee City Series. When the first two volumes appeared in 1941-42, they were rightly hailed as a great pioneering effort in social anthropology, and the terms "upper-upper," "lower-upper," "upper-middle" and so on quickly became part of the American vocabulary. But, like most pioneering works, the Yankee City Series came under increasingly heavy attack with the passing years and today most sociologists regard it as inadequate, outmoded and misguided.

Among the more important criticisms made of the project have been that its definition of classes is too subjective, that it lacks historical perspective, that it is (because of the influence upon Warner of Elton Mayo) too enamored of the *status quo*, that it pays too much attention to questions of social prestige and too little to questions of economic and political power, that it makes unwarranted assumptions about the stability and typicality of Yankee City (i.e., Newburyport, Massachusetts) and that its research techniques were inadequate because of the mistaken preconceptions upon which they were based. In this final volume of the series Warner has tried to answer some of the objections.

For the general reader the first of the five sections of the book will undoubtedly prove most illuminating. The story of Andrew J. "Bossy" Gillis (here called Thomas Ignatius "Biggy" Muldoon) would be uproarious and significant in any form, although Warner almost succeeds in smothering it by heavily underlining the obvious. Gillis' first election as Mayor of Newburyport in December, 1927, made headlines across the country, for the outspoken, two-fisted, red-haired, Irish, navy veteran was as colorful a symbol of the urban political upheaval in that era as Al Smith. Historians and political scientists will criticize Warner for failing to compare Gillis to Boston's Mayor Curley, Chelsea's Mayor Quigley and Salem's Mayor "High Hat" Hurley who were similar manifestations of the social revolution in Massachusetts politics in the 1920s. But Warner employs sufficient quotations from current newspapers and the participants concerned to bring out the full flavor of the immigrant uprising against the Yankee aristocrats. Where Warner's analysis falls short is in his explanation of Gillis' political defeat and popular decline after four years in office. Ignoring the obvious questions of power politics, party machinery and voting habits, Warner offers instead a farfetched contrast between Gillis and Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, "like Biggy," was attacked as

> a buffoon and rustic clod incapable of the responsibilities of high office. Yet Lincoln rose above the limits set for him by his enemies . . . [by his] willingness to play the game of social mobility according to the traditional rules. . . . He changed his speech and his dress, the houses he lived in and their location, modified his manners and some of his values, as he advanced to higher levels.

According to Warner, Biggy lost his popular support because he was "too deviant," because he refused to "conform" and instead "attacked and tried to destroy the symbols of status." But the truth is that "Bossy" Gillis was neither a natural leader nor an astute politician; no matter how much he had conformed to the "symbols of social status" set by the upper classes of Newburyport, he would never have been an Abraham Lincoln nor even a James Michael Curley.

THE second section of the book represents Warner's attempt to answer the criticism that the earlier volumes of the series made too little use of historical material. In the year 1930 Newburyport held a mammoth tercentenary celebration. The forty-two historical events chosen by the Tercentenary Committee for tableau-floats in the big procession, because they presumably represented the most significant events of the city's past, offered Warner an excellent opportunity to examine "the ritualization of the past." But all that the reader is given by way of establishing historical fact against which to judge historical symbol is a series of charts showing the chronological distribution of the forty-two events and a cursory account of the history of the city based upon a heterogeneous assortment of secondary accounts. (Works cited cheek by jowl include such diverse interpretations of American history as those by James Truslow Adams and Perry Miller, V. L. Parrington and Samuel Eliot Morison, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr. and Henry Adams, Charles A. Beard and Frederick Jackson Turner.) We are taken through labyrinthine but inconclusive explanations of such questions as why the Tercentenary Committee did not include a float for either the War of 1812 or the Mexican War, why they did include a float depicting a witchcraft trial, why there was no tableau for the Acadians, why the Knights of Columbus sponsored the tableau of Lafayette's visit, and why the Jewish community of Newburyport reneged on its decision to sponsor the float depicting Benedict Arnold's expedition to Quebec. And then finally we are told: "The evidence at very best is no more than suggestive and any conclusions must be pushed beyond induction and inference to speculation." The laudable attempt to employ history to amplify sociology consequently benefits neither.

HOWEVER, I found the third section of the book, dealing with the ritual of burial in Yankee City's five cemeteries, more rewarding. It contains a verbatim conversation between two gravediggers (lower-lower) and a cemetery superintendent (lower-middle) which is classical in its earthy commentary on social climbing via the re-burial of parents and grandparents into more fashionable plots. There is a shrewd analysis of the secularization of Protestantism which describes how "the minister is often humiliated by having to compete with the undertaker for the central role in burying the dead."

The last two sections of this book will raise the most eyebrows. In his "exploration" of "the traditional core of Christian symbolism," as an evocation of "man's moral and organic (species) life," Warner leaves the reader with two basic questions: What has this to do with Yankee City, and where is social anthropology headed if, as Warner maintains, religion "is not an 'illusion,' as Freud contended, but a reality of far greater significance than our present scientific competence allows us to understand"? Warner answers the first question by insisting that the inhabitants of Yankee City are part of Western Christendom and part of the human species and therefore it is relevant to study the way in which Christian ritual and symbols help Western man to adjust to his moral and organic role in the universe. Yet it seems far afield of the original work of the project to embark upon a symbolic interpretation of Christianity as expressed in the

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W. G. McLOUGHLIN is the author of Billy Sunday Was His **Real** Name *and* Modern Revivalism. *Mr. McLoughlin is chairman of the American Civilization Program at Brown University.*

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liturgies of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches when Warner claims that "evangelical and Calvinistic Puritanism" is "still the principal and dominant faith of Yankee City."

As for the future of social anthropology, if this book is any indication it will soon be caught up in the current revival of religion:

> There are many indications that we have reached the limits of the Protestant revolt and that a counter-revolution supporting and using evocative symbols is developing. The present may be the extreme limit to which the technological symbols of Marxism and similar systems take us. . . . The truths it [Christianity] contains, the significant non-rational beliefs, feelings, and actions it expresses and evokes, cover the entirety of what man is and wishes to be. . . . For the last few centuries we have partly succeeded in developing a scientific understanding of ourselves and the world around us. For further aid we need to turn to our non-rational collective and individual mentalities, for the tools of rationality are not enough.

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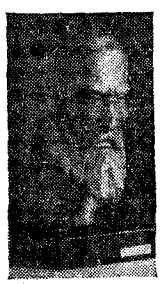

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Hamlet Off Stage

THE QUESTION OF HAMLET. By Harry Levin. Oxford University Press. 178 pp. $3.75.

Allardyce Nicoll

THE TITLE given to his book by Professor Levin is presumably intended to be a concealed double pun. Toward the very beginning he insists that "*Hamlet* without Hamlet would, of course, be altogether unthinkable; but Hamlet without *Hamlet* has been thought about all too much"; and the three sections of his study are headed "Interrogation," "Doubt" and "Irony." He concerns himself, therefore, both with the question, or problem, of Hamlet and with the question, or questioning, which runs through *Hamlet*'s structure. He discerns in the play the exercise of a kind of metaphysical wit, and the epithet metaphysical might well be applied to his own critical approach and method.

For the core of the volume, he prints, with some modifications, his University of Toronto Alexander Lectures (delivered in 1958); but in addition there are three supplementary studies, an essay on the "Antic Disposition," a review of Professor Peter Alexander's *Hamlet: Father and Son*, and an attempted explication of the Player's speech. Through all of these the author displays his characteristic critical qualities — keenness of mind and acute observation. In particular, he contributes to our appreciation of the imaginative processes which went to the creating of this drama by his subtle emphasis on its repeated phrases and toyings with words. He thus calls to our notice the way in which "the hopeless phrase 'no more' runs through the play"; he shows how Laertes' "Why as a woodcock to mine own springs, Osric" "harks back to his father's early suspicions: 'Ay, springes to catch woodcocks!' "; he sees Claudius' "union," the pearl which he puts into the poisoned cup, expanding into an "ironic image" so as to grow into a symbolic pun.

All of this is interesting and valuable, but in the method itself dangers reside. First, there is the danger that what may be common to numerous plays may be treated as though it were the special attribute of *Hamlet*. Professor Levin, for example, singles out two qualities in this tragedy — the continued use of questions and the duality implied in such phrases as "A double blessing is a double grace." True, in passing, he acknowledges that questions can hardly be avoided in any dramatic dialogue, and he even makes reference to *Macbeth* and *Lear* in this connection. Yet the stress which he lays on the questioning gives the impression that interrogation dominates more in *Hamlet* than in any other of Shakespeare's works — a suggestion which may hardly be maintained when we think of the questioning refrains which echo through *Macbeth* and which have been taken by other critics as a key to an understanding of that drama, or when we consider how "Lear's Questions" have been viewed as equally characteristic of the companion tragedy. And who can escape the perplexing and profound emotion aroused by the repeated emphasis upon the word "double" in *Macbeth*, with the accompanying paradoxes of "fair and foul"?

A SECOND danger lies in the fact that this method tends to take us away from the theatre, for which, after all, *Hamlet* was written. No doubt, when we view the crass materialism and simplification which most modern producers impose upon Shakespeare, or when we find these producers ruining tragedies and comedies alike by crude insensitivity to their poetic values, we rejoice to find this keen appreciation and fervent devotion to the drama's words — from which derives the enduring power whereby it has made its impact over three and a half centuries. The difficulty, however, arises from the obvious fact that what is perfectly calculated for audience-perception may become for reader-perception either so puzzling as to lead to over-subtle explanation or so different in appeal as to lead us astray. To those who see the tragedy in the theatre, for instance, is Hamlet's reference to "the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns" really difficult to fathom? The Ghost returns, it is true, but Hamlet, at that moment thinking of death, has no desire to revisit earth in ghostly form. Nor does the action of the play-scene pose any real conundrum. Unconsciously, spectators realize that here Shakespeare has a purely dramatic problem; he must give to his audience an indication of the whole plot of "The Murder of Gonzago," and yet clearly he cannot act out even a short play-within-a-play

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since Claudius is to rise after the first few words in a frenzy of fear. The utilization of a dumb-show is Shakespeare's excellent solution, and all the discussions concerning why Claudius did not start up earlier are beside the point: the scene aims at no particular subtlety and, if Elizabethan stage conventions are taken into account, one would think that a critical attempt to read into the situation Shakespeare's comment on the King's character is as much off the mark as any modern producer's irritating "realistic business" to suggest that Claudius' attention must have been distracted from the players' actions.

Professor Levin is justified when he states that "it may indeed prove salutary to reaffirm, with Hamlet himself, the ascendancy of the poet over the player" (or should he have said "over the producer"?) and he has richly illuminated many of the poetic qualities in *Hamlet*, yet Shakespeare's innermost secret can be revealed only when stage and study are in common accord.

Obituary for a Building

Leslie Katz

THE OLD Produce Exchange building, at the foot of Broadway opposite Bowling Green, was a work of art. It had the quality of its contemporary, the Brooklyn Bridge, a structure that personified the grandeur of its use: an immense, solid edifice of offices built of red brick and terra cotta. The exterior walls were designed to form tiers of arches resembling a series of Roman aqueducts mounted on top of one another, diminishing in size at each succeeding level. At street level were thirteen great arches (for the thirteen states), while the topmost row appeared as a line of tiny, scalloped apertures. Mounted on one side was a gigantic square tower that increased in width at a cupola top (like the stack of a Civil War railroad engine, or the chimney of a Victorian house). The building was studded with ribbons of terra-cotta sculptures and plaques — decoration rimmed its entire girth between the principal floors. Above the street level, every few feet, garlanded with wreaths and borders of vegetable ornaments, were large heads of domestic animals, the pig, the lamb, the cow, the bull, the donkey — each with an innocent and dignified expression. At the corners, higher up, were the prows of ships, and between them, in series, the Seals of the States, sculptured in a unique, folk-like style. The over-all color was a rich, deep hued, intrinsic red, that became more beautiful with the years.

When twilight from the harbor flooded Battery Place, the Produce Exchange seemed to emit a beneficent answering glow, charged with a resplendent consciousness — a pagan, capitalistic altar place of meats and provisions, a temple of agricultural commerce. It was a building you could have a feeling about. Your eyes could repair to it, rest upon it, contemplate it, from Bowling Green (a tree-shaded place). The building gave you a sense of relation to place and moment, a gratified significance to your feelings about the city, the struggle of the city, yourself as a part of the city. The Produce Exchange had civic meaning as a Greek or Renaissance structure.

It was recently torn down (and nothing of it saved). As a thing of commerce, it had become uneconomic. The dramatic and historic site it occupied was needed for larger business use.

Now to lament the demise of this building could be like mourning the passing of the clipper ship, and its displacement by the transatlantic liner. To praise the past, one need not berate the present. This obituary has awaited the completion on the same site of a new building, known as "2 Broadway," a structure that one could hope would be a modern phoenix, a fresh magnificence supplanting an earlier glory, aluminum and glass taking the place of brick and terra cotta as the steam engine outmoded the sail.

"2 BROADWAY," recently completed, is a thirty-story, fully air-conditioned office building, substantially modern in all its appointments and facilities, with outside "curtain walls" forming a façade almost entirely constructed of glass and aluminum. The front extends the full width of the exceptionally wide block, and the largeness of the site has permitted the builders to continue the building upward with tower floors that

LESLIE KATZ writes fiction and essays. His first book, Invitation to the Voyage, *was published in England last winter.*

Benjamin Ginzburg's

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provide an unusual amount of floor space.

Just as a rocket cannot be described simply as a machine, "2 Broadway" can hardly be called a building. Viewed from Bowling Green, it is more an *installation*, a package, a broad box encased in shiny wrapping, sheer, sharp and gleaming. This striking edifice, though it has a name (a number), presents an essentially anonymous and faceless personality. Its over-all effect is one of unmitigated self-assertion negating everything in sight but itself — a glittering nonentity. It appears to have been conceived not at all in terms of its location, and makes no concession whatsoever to the character of its surroundings. Designed "purely," in terms of economic function, it seems to contain the maximum number of floors and space feasible within existing building code requirements. Inside such a building, (as in many commercial structures), it barely matters where you are or where you're going; up or down, above ground or below, the effect is sameness. (As, while riding the smooth elevators, you know your direction of travel only by the indicator numbers.)

Can one *blame* this building? It follows current building practices. Conceived as a container, the outside shape is as an afterthought, the walls a glassy partition serving to separate the air-conditioned interior from the un-air-conditioned exterior. The visual effect outside is unrelieved, repelling and unpleasant, but proudly so.

As a gesture of art and decorative daring, the façade is glorified and enshrined at its entranceway by a large, wide, abstract mosaic, an innocuous arabesque of round and jagged colored shapes, (constructed of fragments of Venetian glass expressly shattered for the purpose). Like the building, this mosaic is committed to nothing beyond the mystique and logic of its own specialized, abstract function as a thing apart, a law unto itself, a disrelation.

WE LIVE, it would seem, in a time of rapacious and calloused introversion. In fashionable art, as in hard commerce, self-concern is dominant, egotism sacrosanct. The concepts that began as a revolution of functionalism have become a puritanical romanticism, like the fin fenders on autos, the photo-electric cell cameras to take snapshots, miraculous television a medium dedicated to the sale of toilet tissue. The "lonely crowd" is actually a complacent mob. The spirit of liberation from old restraints, the enlightened freedom of the modern, has become in its stylish aspects, the freedom to be trivial, to be inane or nasty, to grab at betterment, exploit your neighbor and live by rote, in the name of self-expression and the latest thing.

The terms in which we define irreducible necessity become the terms of our ideals. A beautiful modern building, as large as the new one, could have been built. Instead we have a greedy hulk disguised as functional modernity, rank conservatism masquerading in *avant garde* dress, a menacing presence hovering over Bowling Green.

When after seventy-five years the Produce Exchange was leveled, its fortress walls had to be chewed down by pneumatic drills. It was built to last, with a consciousness of the past and a respect for the future. When the time comes years hence to dismantle "2 Broadway" perhaps the only tool needed will be a beer can opener. We live in an age tyrannized by growth, obsolescence and quick turn-over. The disposable building, like the disposable handkerchief, will have its day. But later, civic pride and civic concern may become resurgent, civic self-respect may intervene, and then "2 Broadway" may itself be replaced by a structure worthy to occupy the site of the old Produce Exchange.

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RECORDS

Lester Trimble

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF'S *L'Ange de Feu* has never, to my knowledge, been performed in this country. Indeed, the opera seems to have had very few productions anywhere, a fact which is both astonishing and unfortunate. For it is an important work — eloquent, strong and saturated with attractive color, partially a result of French influence (mainly that of *Pelléas et Mélisande*) acting upon the affirmative and vigorous style which one identifies with Prokofieff. Since *L'Ange de Feu* was written during the composer's period of expatriation (1918 to 1927), the presence of non-Russian qualities is hardly surprising. More remarkable is the fact that even on a recording (Westminster has issued the work as a "U.S.A. Première") and without any of the visual appurtenances of theatrical drama, the opera can raise itself up vividly before the mind's eye. This proves that Prokofieff succeeded in embodying and projecting dramatic situations through the music itself. There is a crucial difference between a score that simply underlines or backgrounds action, mood and characterization, and one that synthesizes these elements in the medium of sound. Great works for the lyric stage almost always fall into the latter category.

L'Ange de Feu is a large, rich work, not only because it has five acts, but because the ideas with which it deals and their musical embodiment both have amplitude. The story, set in sixteenth-century Germany, deals with only the most elemental passions, examining them within a mystical-religious context. Renata, the opera's leading female character, sings for nearly ninety minutes and transmits an incredible series of intense experiences and emotions. As a child, she had a mystical, partially physical, relationship with her Flaming Angel, who told her that she was to become a saint. In her seventeenth year, the angel left her, and her life from that time has been an agonized attempt to find him in another, possibly human, incarnation. Finally despairing, she rejects the world to enter a convent. But the demons which have pursued her since her loss of the angel, infest the convent. At the final curtain, accused of sorcery, Renata is condemned by the Inquisition to torture and the stake.

Unfortunately, short of printing the entire libretto, it is impossible to convey

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the florid dramatic quality the text accumulates in the process of examining good and evil. Demonism, mysticism and eroticism are strong materials for drama, and Prokofieff's music makes them even more potent. *L'Ange de Feu* might disturb a few souls in a stage production, but it would hardly bore. Perhaps the Metropolitan Opera will take it in hand. It belongs with them.

The Westminster recording (OPW-1304; 3 discs) is extremely good. Jane Rhodes, who sings the part of Renata, is vocally well suited to the role, and projects its constant intensity without a lapse. Xavier Depraz, Irma Kolassi, Janine Collard, Jean Giraudeau, Paul Finel, André Vessières, Gérard Friedmann, Bernard Cottret, Claudy Mas-Michel and Janine Pieret are the other singers, and with a few minor exceptions, carry their parts in exemplary fashion. The Chorus of Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française and the Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris, as well as the other forces, are splendidly directed by Charles Bruck.

MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH gives a commendable performance of the Schumann Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, Op. 129, on a Monitor recording (MC-2023). He does not exploit completely the work's potential for passionate lyricism and a tint of stodginess occasionally creeps into both his playing and that of the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra under Samuel Samosud. Nevertheless, this is a highly respectable and convincing performance. On the second side, Schumann's seldom heard Concerto for Four Horns and Orchestra, Op. 86, is well recorded by the State Radio Orchestra of the USSR with Alexander Gauk conducting. Except for the use of considerable vibrato by the soloists, which gives their tone a quality not popular in this country, the performance is splendid, not to say of virtuoso caliber, especially in the high horn parts. The piece itself is odd but appealing.

THE complete Corelli Concerti Grossi, Op. 6, are presented on three Vanguard Bach-Guild discs (BG-585/7). These lovely works are played by the Chamber Orchestra of the Societas Musica, Copenhagen, with Jorgen Ernst Hansen directing from the harpsichord. The level of performance is high, with the accent on solidity and fullness of tone and expression rather than on the sleekness with which contemporary Italian chamber groups play such music. It is a wholesome approach; not bedazzling, but comfortable.

Another Vanguard record (BG-580) has the Danish organist, Finn Videro, playing the J. S. Bach Preludes and Fugues in C Minor and C Major, the Fantasia in C Minor, and the Toccata and Fugue in F Major on the organ of St. Johannis, Vejle, Denmark. Videro is a communicative musician, and the organ itself is a joy to the ears, being both richly solid and clear in its basic tone, and deliciously bright in the highest registers. On the review copy, the beginning of each piece is preceded by a faint bleed-over of the recorded sound into the silent grooves.

The Festival Quartet, consisting of Szymon Goldberg, violin; William Primrose, viola; Nikolai Graudan, cello; and Victor Babin, piano; has recorded the Beethoven Piano Quartet in E Flat, Op. 16, and the Schumann Piano Quartet in E Flat, Op. 47, for RCA Victor (LM-2200). These are all, of course, top-drawer musicians, and their collaboration at the Aspen Festival (which led to the formation of the Festival Quartet) seems to have given them an ensemble unity not always found in chamber aggregations of virtuosi. They play, too, with immense exuberance, which is an attractive quality, especially when it is controlled.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

AS IT comes to the screen, Robert Traver's bestselling *Anatomy of a Murder* adds a new concept to American jurisprudence—justifiable insanity. Michigan, where this small-town killing takes place, is one of the few states which recognize "irresistible impulse" as a form of temporary derangement rendering a man not responsible for his acts. As the case develops, a psychiatrist testifies that Lieutenant Frederic Manion (Ben Gazzara) was gripped by just such an impulse when he shot café owner Barney Quill for having raped Mrs. Manion (Lee Remick). This should wrap up the case for the defense, but it turns out to be only the beginning.

The bulk of the argument turns on whether or not Mrs. Manion was in fact raped and on whether or not her husband believed that she was so molested. These speculations are awkward for the defense because Mrs. Manion is shown as the kind of girl whom only an amorist of the most singular impetuosity could have occasion to attack. She is ludicrously available, not to say aggressive, and her husband's lawyer (James Stewart) is himself put to the trouble of defending his virtue during several brief interviews with her. For a time it looks as though the thesis of Mrs. Manion's violation cannot be made to stick, and the defense is sadly down at the mouth; but at the last moment her missing undergarments are discovered under circumstances suggesting that they had been in Quill's possession immediately before the shooting. They are torn and, to my surprise, both sides agree that torn panties are proof of rape.

But why should the degree of Mrs. Manion's reluctance be a point at all? The case hinges, not on the state of her virtue, but on the state of her husband's mind; presumably he would be as powerfully impelled to erase a rival lover as to punish an act of violence. What the jury is really being asked to consider is not whether Lieutenant Manion was deranged, but whether he had a reason more acceptable than jealousy for his derangement. Hence the new doctrine of justifiable insanity. Joseph N. Welch, who must have developed a taste for acting during the Army-McCarthy hearings, plays the judge in *Anatomy of a Murder*. His deportment on the bench is almost excessively quizzical, and it occurred to me that he was having some trouble to suppress his laughter.

Aside from this exercise in circuitous legal logic, the picture is a good courtroom melodrama. But melodrama set in courtrooms have so easy a time of it that I am inclined to be severe with them. In this instance, Otto Preminger has directed his actors to behavior of such broad flamboyance as to wash out their particular humanity. Brooks West,

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as the local prosecutor, recaptures the righteous stupidity of Margaret Dumont being baited by Groucho Marx. In the book this public servant was distinguished more by his political connections than by his native wit (Traver was once trounced in a race for county prosecutor), but that is no reason for making him gape like an irritated frog.

George C. Scott is cast as a wolfish assistant district attorney sent up from Lansing to strengthen the prosecution's team. Mr. Scott, well-known for his impersonation of Shakespearean villains, gives us his *Richard III* bit, and its probable effect on a north Michigan jury can scarcely be imagined. James Stewart, on the contrary, is as easy as an old shoe and quick as a trout. Mr. Stewart has been playing David Harum longer than Joe Jefferson played Rip van Winkle. Ben Gazzara, eyes hooded, spells danger; what Lee Remick spells in rodeo pants I shall not specify here.

The virtue of Mr. Traver's story is that, for the jigsaw precision of most crime entertainment, it substitutes the inconclusive and frustrating welter of deeds and motives that normally beset men seeking truth and justice. But by hanging an obvious tag on each principal in the case, the movie has thrown the yarn toward horse opera. The characters are drawn to be clear on the smallest TV screen, and TV is probably the target at which the picture is really directed.

AFTER almost two years of maneuvering, the French screen adaptation of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is at last on public view. I never expected it to get by—not that this version of Lawrence's novel is sensationally erotic by present-day screen standards; there are one or two explicit scenes and it is quite clear that the characters are not discussing the weather, but the film is at least as much expurgated as the cut edition of the novel that has been selling freely here for years. Nonetheless, I thought the censors would block it forever because the lovers break traditional morality and do not pay—indeed give promise of living happily ever after. This eat-your-cake-and-have-it attitude toward sex has ever enraged our guardians, and the release of *Lady Chatterley* is a splendid defeat of Pecksniff.

That it amounts to much of a victory for Lawrence is another and more debatable point. *Lady Chatterley* is a thesis novel (that shame of the body is inexorably linked to aridity of the mind and pettiness of the soul) more than it is a love story. Under Marc Allegret's direction, it has become an amorous romance, and a rather odd one.

Predictably, the removal of Mellors' animal husbandry seminars in sex deprives the film of much that Lawrence was trying to teach—the joy of calling things by their right names and enjoying them in their proper usage. But beyond that, the development of situation is enigmatic and the characters are askew. Thus, Sir Clifford (played by Leo Genn, who speaks a lunatic "plume de ma tante" French) quite literally breaks up the show when he suggests to Lady Chatterley that she go off somewhere and get herself pregnant. There has been nothing to prepare the lady, or the audience, for this bizarre proposal and it gets no more plausible as the action unfolds. Then, soon after becoming reconciled to Mr. Genn's linguistic eccentricities, you will notice that Lady Chatterley appears to be an excellently self-possessed and worldly French matron (which is not surprising, since she is played by Danielle Darrieux). That such a lady should take a discreet lover would not be remarkable, considering the invalidism of her husband; but it is improbable that she would do anything irresponsible in the way of game wardens and quite unthinkable that the most philosophical of woodsmen could instruct her in the aesthetics of the flesh.

How then to accomplish the first "mystic" seduction? Allegret manages it by throwing his heroine into a trance so deep that I suspected Mellors of employing drugs. And from then on she vacillates between Parisian sophistication and girlish awakening with an abruptness that I found sobering.

As for Erno Crisa, playing Mellors, he seemed a good man bent on capturing a woman who looked to be a match for him. More power to that—but the set speeches from Lawrence's guide to basic British social patterns visibly astonished his Sicilian mind as they came trooping didactically from his lips. Early in the picture, I was troubled by the anachronisms of zippered clothing and post-World War II automobiles, but I soon decided that there were larger displacements to wonder over.

If Allegret had only scrapped Lawrence's purpose entirely and settled for his plot, he could have concocted a worldly comedy in which the lady kicks up her heels for the groom. Of course, such a yarn might not strike a Frenchman as brilliantly novel, but as the picture has turned out *Lady Chatterley* becomes just that story, overlaid with what seem fits of madness—which I am certain French audiences shrug off as the well-known *folie anglaise.*

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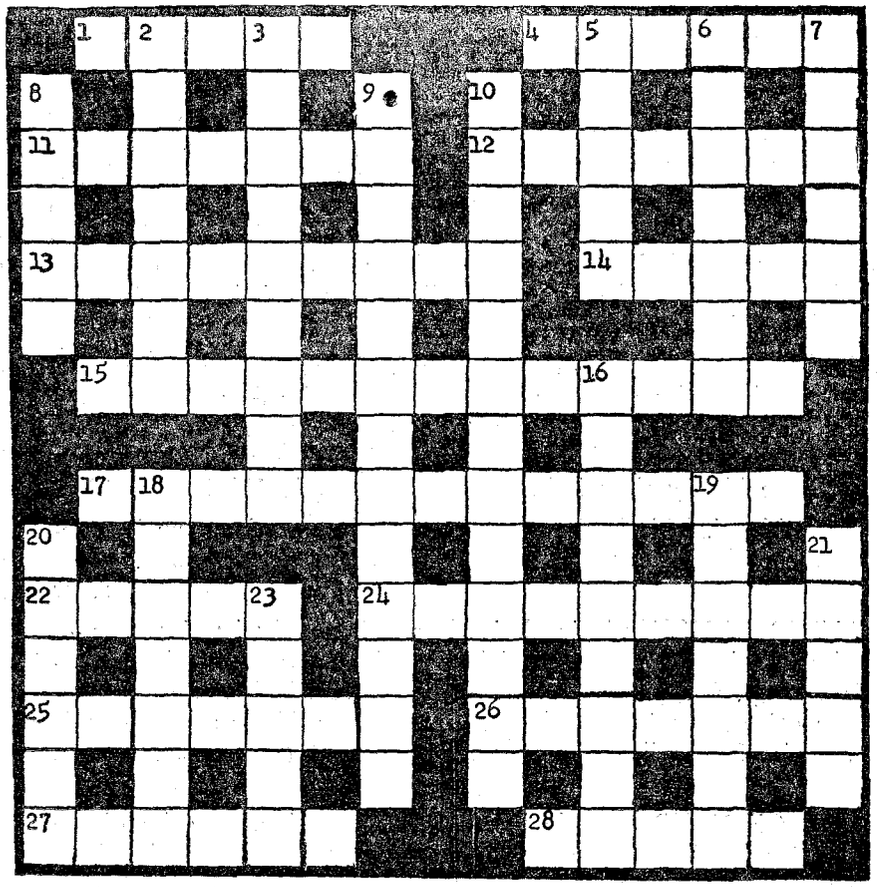
Crossword Puzzle No. 828

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Mulligans frets. (5)
4 Common men, perhaps, like Capt. John and Gen. Walter Bedell. (6)
11 A poet might make it so, or a version at least. (7)
12 Burns might have been soothed by it. (7)
13 Tubes get a long and narrow shape when they are cut. (9)
14 Sing a catch, or try to make one? (5)
15 Not an original writing. (13)
17 Longfellow wasn't, in recounting what John paid for his friend. (5, 8)
22 See 8 down
24 Suggests something Ananias had, but not to his credit. (9)
25 It's funny there's nothing in the package! (7)
26 Germanic spirited form of Kringle? (7)
27 Time for one putting two and two together? (6)
28 Invocation to the wise Indian. (5)

DOWN:

2 Comparatively neat when pulled by a 3 on TV. (7)
3 Occidental? (9)
5 Conditional strength? (5)
6 Fluttering reiteration. (7)
7 Sink put in order. (6)
8 and 22 across Of Shakespeare, they suggest something shaken in a hurry. (5, 5)
9 State one point, and sing in a combination. (The point is of thorn, by the way!) (5, 8)
10 Occupation levels for fighters? (7, 6)
16 Wrong to get sick as these at table? (9)
18 To make the head slippery? (Grease can!) (3, 4)
19 You need it in getting out a paper, as you can see! (7)
20 See 23 down
21 His playboy was a 3. (5)
23 and 20 Uses something smaller than coffin-nails? (Or just pipes?) (11)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 827

ACROSS: 1 and 20 Changing of the Guard; 9 Repel; 10 Refracted; 11 Yankees; 12 Release; 13 Nears; 14 Bloodshot; 16 Chemistry; 18 Heats; 19 Augusta; 21 Tiny Tim; 22 Gearshift; 23 Spurn; 24 Disinfectants. DOWN: 1 Carrying charge; 2 Appendage; 3 Galleys; 4 Norms; 5 Offertory; 6 Trailed; 7 Extra; 8 Advertisements; 14 Battalion; 15 Heartburn; 17 Insists; 18 Handset; 21 Tithe.

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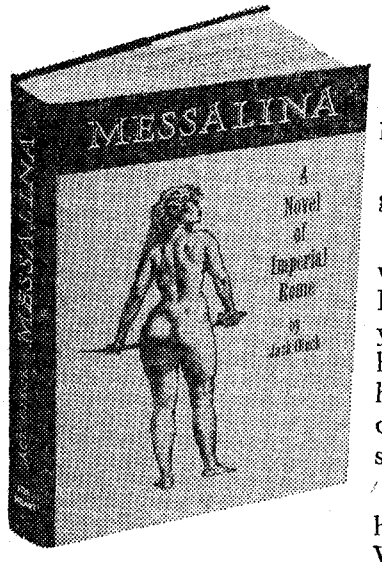

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